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REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVII. No. 1

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1918

PRICE TEN CENTS

REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," Reedy's Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to Reedy's Mirror, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$1.60 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$3.50 per year; \$2.10 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

Single copies, 10 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to Reedy's Mirror, St. Louis.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Trotzky Must Be Answered

By William Marion Reedy

PRICE now has Leon Trotzky, born Bronstein, given the allies time to declare themselves upon the peace proposals of the Russian Bolsheviks to Germany. President Wilson, not for an ally, but for an associate in the war, has made reply. The proposals are for a general peace and they are, loosely speaking, acceptable in a general way to this country, contingent upon a democratization of Germany. Failing this contingent concession—war to a finish in victory is our purpose. The allies have answered Trotzky indirectly but unsatisfactorily. Great Britain is evasive as to colonies taken from Germany. France wants Alsace-Lorraine. Both want restoration and reparation for Belgium, northern France, Serbia. In principle they favor no annexations and no indemnities. But they will not accede to Trotzky's proposal that reparation and restoration shall be made by contribution of all the belligerents. Germany began the war in violation of faith and it is absurd to ask the nations she forced into war to pay the bill of damages. It would be like a householder making a present to the burglar who had broken into his home and sending him away free with a blessing. President Wilson offers no such counsel of perfection.

Russia wants peace. If she cannot get a general, she may accept a separate peace, simply because she cannot, and therefore will not, fight. If Russia makes a separate peace she may be made in effect a part of Germany. Her resources will be used against her former allies. It is worth while to prevent her going over to the enemy. We are fighting, the U. S. and our associates in the war, for democracy. Therefore we are fighting for Russia, mauler the absurdities of the Bolsheviks. For back of the Bolsheviks is the democratically chosen Constituent Assembly of Russia and that body is for peace, too, at almost any price. The associates in the war cannot go back on Russia. She has quit from weariness now, but she gave mighty help to imperiled France and Britain in the earlier days of the war. We must not forget that. Wherefore, all astray though she has gone, Russia's proposals for a general peace deserve an answer from the allies. Something should be declared that would help Russia—something, also, that would help Germany to democratization, for, in the view of this country, we are fighting for the German people, too.

Those secret treaties as to the division of the spoils among the allies, discovered in Petrograd, should be repudiated if there are to be no annexations and no indemnities. If the allies want a democratized Germany they can best help to that end by assuring liberal Germany that they are not out to crush that country. There is a liberal Germany. It was silenced by the sudden sweep of war, but it had fought militarism for years. The Bolshevik proposals have revived German liberalism and there are signs of at least the rudimentary form of real parliamentary power in recent ministerial adjustments. Nothing is better calculated to make Germany fight harder than the belief that Germany is to be destroyed, that after she shall have been beaten she will be boycotted and debarred from the family of nations. If that is to be her fate why should she democratize herself? She might as well die fighting as surrender and be strangled as the Paris economic pact purposes. An answer to Trotzky's simulacrum of a government that would assure the latent democracy of Germany against ostracism from the society of nations would be a great help to breaking the power of German autocracy. And if the German

military clique can be broken the way is open to a democratic peace. That is what President Wilson's utterances have driven at; but our associates in the war yield only a reserved and slightly cynical assent to his terms, which are rather vaguely conformed to by Trotzky's proposals. That Germany will negotiate in a spirit of modified assent to Bolshevik terms is an advance towards reason on her part. At least it shows she wants peace, but if she does, peace is not brought nearer by leaving her to understand that she can only have peace when she has been thoroughly defeated and that after peace she shall be the pariah among the nations. If the United States and our associates want peace and not more war, the allies should answer Trotzky's proposals in the spirit of the President's pronouncements. They should reply to Russia as a friend and not force her to become positively a foe. They should give some aid and comfort to the friends of peace in Germany, where only the Pan-Germanists denounce the negotiations with Russia.

Ah, but, someone says, Germany will only pretend to democratize herself and pretend too that she gives up her aim of world-conquest. That is far-fetched. A democracy in form cannot well so pretend. A parliamentary Germany cannot well be secretly militaristic or imperialistic. But suppose Germany should only simulate parliamentary rule and control of military power; then there would remain the power of the other nations to coerce her economically, to apply the boycott. This is what thoughtful Germans now dread most, the war-after-the-war on German industry and commerce. This is the weapon that will destroy sham democratization. Real democratization of Germany can best be furthered by an allied declaration repudiating the agreements to divide Europe, Asia and Africa among themselves, by definitely showing that the allies do not propose when they win to do what they have said was Germany's intent to do. The allies have said nothing lately about the League of Nations for Peace, or if they have said anything it was to the effect that Germany is to be barred from such a league. This disposes Germany to fight, not to talk peace. And when the Allies ignore Russia and exacerbate liberal Germany they drive Russia and Germany into each others' arms. Are the Russians to be denied participation in the benefits of the allies' war for democracy and forced to take Germany for friend? That were folly. The Trotzky appeal for a word as to Russian peace proposals deserves and demands an answer in accord with those principles which the Bolsheviks and the President of the United States proclaim in common; for it is by no means certain that Trotzky is a German tool, and there are rumors that his government will not accept German proposals to hold captured regions and positions, or to hold subject small nations not independent before the war. The allies should say definitely why they will not make peace along Russian lines and explain why such a peace with Germany would be no enduring or trustworthy peace. It is not the time now for the allies to refuse to talk peace on any terms. It is time for the allies to say something that will drive a widening wedge between the German bureaucrats, junkers, militarists and the German people. That is the road to peace as mapped out by President Wilson. The only other road is war to the last extremity and then a peace that will contain in the division of the spoils the germs of other wars.

I see the Manchester *Guardian*, the sanest daily paper in England, says there will be a conference of allies in Paris very shortly and that conference will make a reply direct or indirect to Trotzky's pro-

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posals—a reply that will show that the war is not the war in which the allies entered in 1914, but a new one for a new and larger ideal which demands the abandonment of all agreements for spoliation. I hope the Manchester *Guardian* is right.

The associate belligerents should not stop the war to talk peace. This country should speed aid to the associates, as Colonel House suggests. The war should go on, but not for an hour longer than is necessary to get that peace—not made in Germany—which President Wilson and Leon Trotsky agree upon in general outline. Russia's peace effort should not be ignored.

♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The One Thing Needful

THE government is doing everything to win the war but the one thing that will make the United States safe for democracy. That one thing is the imposition of a tax that will give every man a real stake in the country, that will put an end to crass profiteering, that will pacify Labor, that will yield large revenue, that will increase production, that will put the war burden upon those who profit most by both war and peace, that will free the land of the country for which our soldiers are fighting. By taxing speculative profit out of land all those things would be set in the way of accomplishment. Such taxation would get at about \$5,000,000,000 of increment of land value in the railroads the government has taken over. Land value taxation would relieve industry of taxation and increase the production of wealth we shall need during and after the war. Idle land hoards food and other materials and increases prices. Yet everything is taxed but idle land. All business suffers from the burden. And idle land makes used land cost more to the users. A proper tax on land held out of use would do away with coal and steel shortage and every other shortage of supply. In a war for democracy the government has failed to go to the one inescapably indicated democratic thing that would help most to win the war and provide for recovery after the war and make for real equality of opportunity and social peace.

♦♦

Government Ownership of Railways

GOVERNMENT control of the railroads is a fact. It was rendered necessary by the operation of laws against unification of operation in service. We tried to prevent the railroads from doing what they should have done to provide service. We tried to regulate the roads but all regulation was against their private owners and didn't help much the users of the roads. Trying to prevent combination and continue competition we brought the lines to a condition in which they collapsed as utilities and were in a fair way to become obstructions. Finally, to make the systems work and to save them from bankruptcy, we had to take them over. Never will the railroads be returned wholly to their present owners. We may not buy the roads, but at least we shall not buy back that element of value in them that is the property and the creation of the whole population. Whether we shall proceed soon to ownership will depend upon the result of government operation. There is no reason to suppose that the railroad men now operating the roads, relieved of worry about dividends or about money for improvements, will not produce magnificent results. The stock and bond holders cannot lose. The public can easily be satisfied, aside from certain war inconveniences. But the public will not stand for buying back from the railroads the values the public has given the railroads. Aside from that there is nothing in the way of government ownership but one other thing, and that is mismanagement of operation under direct governmental control through the disintegrating and disorganizing effect of political administration. If the roads are run well during the war, government ownership

sentiment will be strengthened and we shall buy them—all of them, that is to say, except the publicly created value in them.

♦♦

In a Well Known Manner

MAY I not be permitted to say that in a high spirit of accommodation with the proprieties it would be well if a quietus were put upon the boom of William Gibbs McAdoo for the next Democratic nomination for President, considering the power concentrated in his hands as Secretary of the Treasury and administrator of the railroads? As the *Globe-Democrat* says, what a howl there would have been if such power had been bestowed upon Nicholas Longworth during the administration of Roosevelt!

♦♦

The Spook and the Humorist

IT is joyous to see Mr. Clark MacAdams, printing, in his "Just a Minute" column in the *Post-Dispatch*, a poem by St. Louis' justly celebrated spook, Patience Worth. Attributing the verse upon "The Flag" to "X" can only be regarded as a piece of "columinstic" camouflage by a humorist and critic who has persistently disparaged the "spirit" work that has been "materialized" here *via* the ouija board.

♦♦

Whom Housing Benefits

TWENTY MILLIONS is all that is asked for housing of workers in the places where workers are gathered to manufacture war supplies. That sum of money must be expended to offset the demand in those regions for more rent. There is insufficient housing because landholders won't use land. And the spending of government money will increase the value of all unused land thereabouts. Which means more rent for the land speculators. The housing scheme is a good thing for the landlords. In the not very long run it will not help the workers. They will have to pay the rents of all the landlords whose land values will be increased.

♦♦

Still True to France

ALL talk of leaving the question of Alsace-Lorraine to a plebiscite of the population is waste of words. Since 1871 the population of the lost provinces has been in continuous protest against the annexation by Germany. Not the blundering propitiative measures of the Kaiserland, nor the brutalities of Zabernism have been equal to the task of destroying loyalty to France. Forbidding French history in the school and making illegal business signs in French have failed of the desired result. Alsace and Lorraine are irreconcilable to their present masters. Charles Dower Hazen in his book "Alsace and Lorraine Under German Rule" shows that the issue involved in the enforced yielding of those provinces to Germany against the will of the people most concerned contained the germ of this war and must constitute, until it is settled in accordance with the rights of the people, a menace to the peace of Europe and the world.

♦♦

The Boom in Silver

THE government will purchase silver at \$1 per ounce. More price-fixing some will say, but that is not quite true. The fixing is not wholly by fiat, but in great part by the operation of natural law. Silver went up after 1900, due to demand, then it slumped as a result of increased production. When war came all metals began to rise. Inflation in finance called for a secondary metal money in greater volume in all the countries of the world. There always was some fiat in the silver dollar. There is 20 cents of fiat in the dollar with silver at \$1 per ounce. The government believes that silver will be higher and now discounts the increase. As for the dogma of the free silverites of 1896, it is not justified, because they said the United States should go in for the free and unlimited coinage of silver without waiting for the co-operation of the other nations. Now all the nations need silver money and all agree practically to the present remonetization. The price-fixing is not as arbitrary as it looks and besides it does not establish a fixed and immutable parity between the

white metal and the yellow. The action was forced by conditions to be met in no other way and the world's money-system is not shaken by the event, but it is a huge benefit to the silver producers of the west and it will continue to be so until long after the war and, probably, until the production of silver at the old or greater volume is resumed by the idle mines of Mexico.

♦♦

Another British Blunder

UNWISE at least is the importation of Sir Frederick E. Smith, Attorney-General of Great Britain, to propagandize in this country. Sir Frederick E. Smith is the right hand of Sir Edward Carson. He was a factor in the threatened Ulster rebellion, a signer of the covenant of resistance to the government in the event of its enforcing home rule in Ireland. Sir Frederick prosecuted and convicted Sir Roger Casement. In his speech from the dock, Sir Roger pointed out the difference in the rewards of rebellion. It brought him to the gallows. It gave Sir Frederick a place in the cabinet as it did Sir Edward Carson. Blasphemy and sacrifice it is for a man like Sir Frederick Smith to come and tell us about this war being for the rights and liberties of the small nations. Cannot Great Britain send us any representatives but those who are identified with the extreme of antagonism to Irish aspirations to nationhood, like Balfour and Sir Frederick E. Smith?

♦♦

Mr. Brookings and Wooden Ships

MR. WILLIAM HARD, in *The New Republic*, writes harshly of our Mr. Robert S. Brookings, of the War Industries Board, saying "he lacks speed," "is slow at decisions," "does not fit the Purchasing Commission,"—all this in a general indictment of the Council of National Defense and the War Industries Board for "retarding the allies." Nor does Mr. Hard hope for much from the War Council newly named by Secretary of War Baker. I gather that Mr. Hard and *The New Republic* do not like the presence of General Goethals on the War Council. I wonder if *The New Republic* isn't generally peeved by the collapse of the great scheme to build wooden ships? Goethals was against that. And of course the American International Corporation, of which Mr. Willard Straight is a vice-president, was interested in wooden ships, as it was in lumber and lumber mills. Mr. Willard Straight is or was the angel of *The New Republic*, and there are other great magazines not unrelated to the American International Corporation. Mr. William Hard grieves that in the new War Council there's no way of co-ordinating General Goethals. Mr. Denman couldn't "co-ordinate" him for wooden ships. Admiral Capps couldn't be "co-ordinated" either for wooden ships. "That is why the word 'co-ordinate' is now a stench in the nostrils of the town" (Washington) and possibly in the nostrils of *The New Republic*. I don't know that Mr. Robert S. Brookings of St. Louis has had anything to do with "knocking" the wooden ship programme. Possibly there is as much reason to suspect the ability of Mr. Brookings as purchasing member of the War Industries Board as there is to question the disinterestedness of *The New Republic's* campaign for wooden ships when all competent engineers agreed that they were impracticable, with "birds roosting in the trees" of the timbers of ships that were to be built at once. That Mr. Brookings is "slow" in business is an assertion that will amuse those who know him. Why the fight upon Mr. Brookings from the quarter of the wooden ship propaganda, when the wooden ship programme is practically discarded?

♦♦

Col. Lewis Badly Treated

COL. ISAAC LEWIS appears to have been treated badly in the matter of his gun. His own country would not have it, but the British and the French accepted it and found it an effective weapon. When Col. Lewis voluntarily surrendered his royalties to this government on contracts for his other inventions, the gift was not even acknowledged. General Crozier says that the Browning gun is better than

the Lewis gun, but all the same Great Britain and France have 70,000 of them in use, and this government is buying those guns from those governments to-day. It is hard not to believe that the Ordnance Department did not continue its quest of a perfect gun after the Lewis gun had demonstrated its usefulness in actual warfare, largely because of some official antipathy to Col. Lewis. That Col. Lewis is not out for the money his surrender of royalties proves. There's a fine spirit in his saying that he owes his education to the government and wants to repay the debt. He has two sons in the army with Pershing. He wants to help win the war and not to get rich by selling guns to his country. The Browning may be better than the Lewis gun, but Colonel Lewis is the kind of man and officer and citizen who deserves better treatment than the government has given him in refusing to thank him for the royalties he has surrendered.

♦♦

The Street Railway Bill

THE St. Louis Board of Aldermen should pass the street railway compromise bill, as a compromise, not as an ideal settlement. There is no more reason why the United Railways should be forced into bankruptcy than the steam railways should have been forced to collapse under war strain. Service is what is needed, and needed now. While the city stands undecided between what the United Railways want and what the *Post-Dispatch*, which runs the town, says the United Railways shall not get, the people stand to get nothing but poorer service. The company's property may be worth less than \$60,000,000, but the owners of the securities may not be willing to scale down the capitalization to that figure. It is not to be supposed that the city will ever purchase the property without a specific determination of actual value at the time of purchase. The company's shareholders should have some margin of profit after the roads have been extended and rehabilitated, or else the city should take over the system, but this the city is not now prepared to do. The Board of Aldermen should pass the bill and then the people should pass upon it by a referendum. The people want service. They are willing to pay for it. Let us find out what the people think of the ordinance of compromise, by submitting it to them. Eventually the people will vote on it anyhow. If they vote down the present plan we can consider another. As long as the thing hangs fire the property deteriorates and the fixed charges pile up against an insufficient revenue. We shall get farther on towards a settlement even by a popular rejection of the pending ordinance. If the company must "go broke" why prolong the agony? If it must go through a receivership, put it through as soon as possible and let reorganization proceed. Pass the ordinance on to the people. If they don't want it and won't have it, then the present compromise plan will have to be given up for another, even if the other involves a "busted" system as a preliminary to any decisive settlement. Maybe the passage of the ordinance now would be the surest and quickest step towards municipal ownership of our street railways.

♦♦

Reed and Hoover

SENATOR REED is hardly polite to Food Controller Hoover. It is too bad that the senator should permit his dislike of Mr. Hoover so to prejudice him that, as a result, Mr. Hoover dominates the senator's action. If the senator wants to "get" the food controller, and can possibly get him, the way to do it would be to let Mr. Hoover tell his story when, where and how he wants to tell it. But Senator Reed is "a good hater" and with the qualities of that defect. If Mr. Hoover is right, as I think he is in the main, he can wait and by waiting "get" Senator Reed. As a matter of fact, however, no one supposes that Mr. Hoover has accomplished all he intended. It is probable that he "fell down" on some of his plans. He has not been able to repeal the law of supply and demand or to abolish the ingenuities of human greed. Senator Reed will have to let Mr. Hoover tell his story some time, with whatever sar-

cistic public allowance for Hooverian failure, as it may achieve victory in a war brought on in April, after the country had, to all intents and purposes, voted to ~~say~~ out of it in the preceding November. Hoover can circumvent Senator Reed very easily by accepting investigation in the spirit shown by Secretary of War Baker towards the war department inquiry. So far as I can see, nobody is dodging responsibility in this war. And as for our own Jim Reed, he positively quests it.

♦♦

Josephus

Who's been the best abused man in the Wilson administration? Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels. And yet the navy is not even being investigated by congress. There seems to be no complaint about equipment, munitions, manoeuvres or men. Everybody says the navy is all right. Josephus, he isn't saying anything. Just attending to his business.

♦♦

Dry or Free?

ALREADY the prohibitionists are getting into action to force the dry issue upon the states by means of special sessions of legislatures. This is not a good thing for the country. This is not a good time for states to waste money or special sessions for an object that can wait. Not when the Treasury Department tells the cities that they should quit pushing public works or voting funds for more improvements. States should practice thrift too. It is bad policy to project the prohibition issue into politics now. That subject always operates to obstruct and delay other legislation of importance. At present it will muddle every movement for adjusting state revenues to the nation's war activities. More time is lost on wet and dry jockeying in legislatures than through any other cause. Let us side-track prohibition and concentrate on winning the war. A world free is of more importance than one nation teetotally dry.

♦♦

To Boost St. Louis Biz

THAT's a fine idea that the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce establish a means of extending aid to going business concerns in this city to enable them to expand and extend the scope of their activities. The plan is to put the city's first civic organization lack of any man who is making good but hampered by lack of capital. This kind of help has been extended effectively in Louisville by that city's Industrial Foundation. Mr. Tampton Aubuchon, secretary and general manager of that organization, cites me examples, thus: "Some time ago, a clothing manufacturer, for reasons of management, decided to close its plant. It employed one hundred and twenty-five skilled operatives, many of whom were on the point of going elsewhere to look for work. This would have meant the impairment of our clothing market. The Foundation promptly invested \$50,000 in another Louisville clothing factory, thus enabling that concern to increase its facilities and give employment to all the operatives of the other factory, temporarily out of work. This maintained the standard of the clothing market and gave new spirit to other manufacturers in that line. Again, our industrial survey showed a demand among our furniture manufacturers for veneers and compound lumber—a demand sufficient to warrant the establishment of a veneer and panel plant in which the Foundation invested a sum of money. The plant now gives employment to two hundred men. It has stimulated the lumber business of the city generally. The Foundation invests in industries which will either assist or beget other industries. The investments are made with an eye to helping the general industrial situation. The Foundation is headed to the objective of establishing a large industrial trust company to provide working capital for industries locating in Louisville and to further the development of established businesses that are essential, directly or indirectly, to the development of the community. The

♦♦

One Graft Scratched

A NICE little rag-picking contract that netted those who captured it a profit which, if it had not been stopped, would have reached \$400,000 per year, is one of the good things turned up by one of the war investigations. The man who got the contract was found to be pretty close to a man on the Council of National Defense. It was a regular army man who stopped this graft before it got well under way. This is the worst thing yet turned up by the investigations. It might have been worse. A war absolutely without graft is an absolute impossibility, but our war efforts during the nine months of their duration seem thus far to have been free from any big pickings.

♦♦

Puella Peripatetica

THE Bureau of Social Hygiene, founded by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has added to the bibliography of the most ancient profession open to women, a report upon "Commercialized Prostitution in New York City—A Comparison Between 1912, 1915, 1916 and 1917" (the Century Co., New York). From it we learn that the business has suffered a reduction in three respects: first, in the actual decrease of the number of vice resorts in active operation; second, in point of number of persons engaged in the business; third, by reason of the changed methods of operation. The vice has been reduced from an aggressive, highly organized business conducted by exploiters to a temporary, hazardous business conducted for the most part by individual prostitutes. The alliance between the police and the business has been broken up. There's a lot of interesting detail in the report, with an intriguing terminology such as "parlor houses" and "sitter houses." There are statistics as to the rise and fall of tenement places of evil resorts, disorderly hotels, furnished room houses, massage parlors. Few of such places remain. The habitues and inmates have been driven elsewhere, but chiefly the women have been driven to the streets in New York. The Bureau of Social Hygiene is very well satisfied with itself, when it reflects that at the beginning of November there were 22 parlor houses in operation and only 29 new ones were opened during the year. All these were suppressed, some of them several times, until now there are only three running. There were 8,111 street walkers reported in 1912. There are but 2,876 now. All of which is due to effective police activity kept at high pressure by the agents of the Bureau of Social Hygiene. It is very interesting, especially as Mrs. Grace Humiston was telling us in terrifying detail only recently about the multifarious activities

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of the vice trust, the white slavers and all that. I see that Mrs. Huniston has been let out of her anti-vice office because she did a lot of fool talking about the number of war babies of war-mothers but not of war-wives left in the wake of the boys drafted into the army. But where is the woman whose feet take hold on hell? Has she been driven into the river or into the ocean? "Some are in Philadelphia, Detroit, Toledo, Alaska," says the report concerning owners of vice resorts, but where are the women? Have they been absorbed into respectable society? And haven't we been told that Detroit and Toledo were cleaned up by great moral waves? If you ask any of the gay boys in Gotham about this report of the purification of New York, they just laugh. And maybe they tell you things about the vice business that you can't print. So the report of the Bureau of Social Hygiene will have to stand. Even though we know poverty must continue to produce its most perfect results.

♦♦

High Rank for Doctors

Congress should pass the Owen-Dyer bill to admit physicians and surgeons to rank up near the highest in the army. At present 21,000 doctors are in the army—more than one-fourth of the number in the country. Many of them have given up established practices which they cannot hope to resume upon their return to civil life. Many have left practices they were just building up. Few of them would not in civil life be making more than their army pay and the highest army pay a doctor can rise to now is that of major—\$250 per month, not a great deal for a good man, and it is the good man who has responded early to the country's call. Doctors in the army should be admitted to higher rank, up to brigadier and lieutenant general. This not because of better pay or because of doctors' desire for titles, but because in the army rank means authority. A general or a colonel won't take orders from a captain or a major. There are many matters connected with the health and welfare of the soldiers upon which the physician and surgeon should have power to give orders. Not only as to physical but moral health and safety. Such authority based not only upon the deductions of science, but upon common sense as well, the purely military officer is likely to forget to exercise, simply because he has specialized in other things. The military man may forget or ignore things concerning medical equipment; he may not even see things important in relation to sanitation. The physicians and surgeons are necessary in order to keep an army healthy, and this they cannot do adequately if they have not the rank to give to their suggestions the weight of orders. In short, medical rank is necessary to the co-ordination of the service for the best results. The army surgeon is a life saver. He mitigates much the deadliness of war. He should have everything that conduces to that end—and rank conduces much. More doctors will be needed and as more men are called in the draft the service will be more exacting. If we are to have universal training after the war, with reclamation camps for the physically unfit, we shall have need of the very best class of men for military physicians and surgeons and the rewards in honors and pay should be commensurate with the service. The congress should pass a bill like unto the Owen-Dyer measure for the higher ranking of the men of the medical reserve. The bill should be the more speedily passed because in this war the medical departments have been the ones about whose work there has been the least criticism. The absence of epidemics from the trenches and the enormously high percentage of the wounded returned cured to the firing line have shown that the medical departments have come nearer than any other to the attainment of their objectives.

♦♦

Our Superefficient Packers

SPEAKING of efficiency, the packers' trust carries off the honors for an organization that gets everything in sight. They were said once to use everything of the hog but the squeal, but they beat that.

They absorbed the very essential nature of the hog and became hogs. Not content with controlling beef and pork, they reached out and gobbled the hide and leather business. They controlled fertilizers. They gathered in poultry and vegetables. They have latterly been out to capture the small grocery business by starting chains of stores to undersell individual grocers, and as they got into the retail grocery business on a large scale were preparing to squeeze out the wholesale grocers. They dealt in short-weighting. They bribed men to break contracts with competitive rendering plants. They hid their identity in paper corporations behind dummy directors. They were in forty businesses from railroads to soap-making and they practiced every known device to force people to sell cheap and buy dear. All this through privilege, through corporation privilege and franchise privilege and land monopoly in terminal privileges. How many corners they worked in their operations to control various food products and kitchen supplies Mr. Francis J. Heney has not yet had time to count. They worked only under the most eminent and expert legal advice. The forms of law they seem to have adhered to, but the spirit of the law they flouted with an amazing consistency. They helped to ruin the cattle business in the west because they made themselves the only market, and this, with the enclosure and the rising price of land, put an end to the cattle ranges. For long they had the railroads bluffed through their control of great volumes of freight which they would ship only on their own terms. From present indications the roster of the crimes of the packers will rival the roll of atrocities accredited to the Standard Oil company in Lloyd's "Wealth vs. Commonwealth," or the exposures by Ida M. Tarbell. For years they have been able to smother even the "squeals" of their victims. When they were once brought near to justice they escaped through an "immunity bath." They have been an unintermittent factor in increasing the cost of living. It is to be hoped that the Federal Trade Commission will go into this matter as thoroughly as Frank P. Walsh at the head of the Commission on Industrial Relations went into the labor and the land questions as bearing on wages, profits and cost of necessities. It's about time to make democracy safe against the packers' trust.

♦♦

Concerning that Bagdad Railway

ARE we Americans concerned about the Bagdad railway of which we hear so much? Are we going to fight until Germany abandons that project? Few of us know much about the Bagdad scheme save that in a general way, Germany through control of Austria-Hungary, the Balkan states, Turkey, Asia Minor, all the way from Hamburg to Bagdad, is enabled, by means of the railway in question, as President Wilson says, to flank the industrial undertakings of half a dozen other countries, because of her abilities to get her armies into the heart of the region referred to quicker than any other armies could be got there. Baron de Hirsch got the first concession from Turkey, under Austrian protection, in 1867. That was the Oriental railway. The Bagdad railway came later. In this latter railway, German interests control sixty per cent and British interests forty per cent; this being established by a convention in 1903, after negotiations running back as far as 1888. The road runs from Haider-Ismidt, near Constantinople, to Bagdad. In 1911, Germany got further concessions for port and navigation privileges from Bagdad to the Persian Gulf. Germany was then getting her money for nearly all her projects from England, but soon it appeared that Germany could finance the road herself and then it was announced that the road would be completed to Bagdad by the fall of 1915 at the latest. Then there began negotiations between Great Britain and Germany. The present German Minister of Foreign Affairs von Kuhlmann represented his country. He was then counsel to the German Embassy in London. The negotiations resulted in many agreements: between England and Germany; between Germany and France, on eastern questions; between

Germany and Russia and Russia and France as to railways in the near east; between England and Turkey and France and Turkey. On June 18, 1914, Sir Edward Grey stated in the House of Commons that the arrangements both with Turkey and Germany were complete. According to an apparently well informed person, signing the name "Observer" to articles in the *New York Evening Post*, "there was an agreement which gave the Germans preponderance as to the railway as far as Bagdad, and which gave to the British preponderance in the navigation of the Tigris and Euphrates, and which safeguarded British oil interests in Mesopotamia and in Persia, and which settled all outstanding differences between Great Britain and Turkey all the way from the dispute as to the Aden border, the regularization of the legal position of British institutions (religious, educational, and medical), the removal of the Turkish veto on the borrowing powers of Egypt, up to the navigation rights on Lakes Eghirdir and Beyshahir." All Europe seemed to be satisfied with the scheme and plan forty-three days before the war broke. Now the Bagdad railway is a menace to civilization. "Observer" wants to know if we're fighting to have the proportions of German and British ownership in the road reversed, or whether Colonel Roosevelt will demand an American share on a basis of "fifty-fifty." The question is pertinent enough so long as the allies have not declared in detail their war aims. President Wilson seems to have determined that the Bagdad railway shall be taken from Germany, as it is the backbone of *Mitteleuropa*. But would we fight for it after Belgium and Serbia were restored and Alsace and Lorraine freed? Great Britain may want to do so, in order to get Germany's sixty per cent. But though the road threatens Britain's eastern empire, must we fight for it? Hardly.

♦♦

McAdoo's Do

I REPRINT here an editorial from a paper that is not a pro-German "rag," not even a socialistic or anarchistic sheet, but a supporter of President Wilson with a fervency that almost "incandesces" into rapture—Mary Fels' *The Public*, New York. If it's treasonable and seditious is not so important as if it's true—but *The Public* does not editorialize upon insufficient information. Here goes:

Not content with his decree against further taxation of wealth to meet this year's war budget, Secretary McAdoo has now presented Wall Street with a Christmas present so generous that it has surprised even that none-too-modest community. For several weeks past, banks, bond houses, stock gamblers and individual investors have been dumping gilt-edged securities onto the market at absurdly low prices in order to register heavy losses when making up their income-tax and excess-profits tax returns at the end of the year. "Those who know how," says the *New York Times*, "can use the market for that purpose without losing their securities. They can be brought back at a small loss, or perhaps even at a profit." It was a method that involved annoyance and brokers' fees, the advantage being that such sales served to depress the price of stocks and thus to increase the showings of loss for the year, as well as to impress Congress with the fact that business is bad in spite of the unexampled disbursements of extra dividends. Now, thanks to Mr. McAdoo, these losses can be recorded in the tax returns without going to the trouble of actually selling the securities. They will be "constructive" losses. United States Steel may be earning at the rate of more than \$500,000,000 a year, but because the stock market has been manipulated to show a decline in the value of its stock to about \$81.00, millions of profits can be wiped off the tax returns. The ruling applies only to "dealers," an ambiguous phrase, but, adds the *Times*, "no sooner was the news received than there were demands that the Commissioner of Internal Revenue go a step further and make the regulation applicable to banks, insurance companies, corporations, and individuals who have investments in securities. It was said by persons in close touch with Washington that the prospects of having the ruling extended further were encouraging."

Wall Street has nothing but praise for Mr. McAdoo now. The *Times* has an approving editorial comment, in which it takes Congress to

task for its assault on the wealth via the war revenue act (engineered by those reckless demagogues, Penrose and Simmons). "This," says the Times, "does not exhaust the list of things which have been put into the law by those who did not enact it. The list is long enough to make it worth while for any man of considerable business to make his tax return upon advice, and not upon his understanding of the law. The teeth were put into the law by Congress. The dentistry is done by the Treasury."

The question arises whether it is worth while for Congress to bother about revenue measures at all. Mr. McAdoo and his assistants seem capable of attending to the entire matter, and in a way that meets the approval of our most prominent financiers. If they are satisfied, why should others complain?

And all the rest of us "small fry" are told that wealth is bearing its part of the war burden. And to the block with anyone who thinks that McAdoo, the President's son-in-law, would connive at construction of tax laws that might please great powers who might help the Secretary of the Treasury and Railroad Administrator to a Democratic nomination for the successorship to his father-in-law!

* * *

Death and the Poet

A CONVERSATION IN ONE ACT

By Susan M. Boogher

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CHARACTERS

A POET.

A PLUMBER.

A SERGEANT.

A SQUAD OF SOLDIERS.

SCENE—A trench of the first line.

TIME—The hour preceding midnight.

A GRADUAL diminution of light in the theatre and an owl's hoot precede a slowly rising curtain which reveals a dim stage faintly luminous with stars. In the extreme foreground is the longitudinal half of a trench, above which are barbed-wire entanglements. To the left a clump of blasted trees gives an Inferno-esque appearance to the stretch of No Man's Land. This, apparently, is a sector of the battle-front where men find quiet for unquiet thoughts. . . . An owl hoots from the branches of the trees, and simultaneously a stir announces the entry of soldiers into the trench. A sergeant followed by two privates creeps stooping along.

SERGEANT (In a whisper): Halt!

The soldiers come to a standstill, and the Sergeant motions them to break ranks. The owl hoots desirably. After peering cautiously above the trench to satisfy himself that all is quiet, the Sergeant turns gravely to his men.

SERGEANT: It's over the top this time, boys. (The soldiers are tense with interest.) At midnight I reinforce you. . . . A surprise attack. . . . No sneezing, either, mind you! The last time I went over my corporal sneezed just as we reached the enemy trench. Bang! It was good-bye Corporal! And if it hadn't been a dark night and if we hadn't blackened our faces it would have been good-bye to us too! (Gives a trench-mirror and can of paint to the soldiers.) You can blacken-up while you're waiting. Face and neck and ears and hands. Be ready when we return. (Departs.)

The soldiers settle themselves for a period of waiting. One begins to peer and poke savagely into the bottom and sides of the trench. He is a PLUMBER. . . . The other leans against the wall of the trench, his head pillow'd among the sandbags, facing the stars. He is a POET.

PLUMBER: Blooming hole, this, to ask two God-fearing men to spend their last night in!

POET: Look! (Points upward to a falling star.) A falling star means death somewhere. And death means . . . somewhere a falling star . . .

PLUMBER: Say! What are you? Talking about stars—now!

POET: *amily, still facing the stars*): I am a poet . . . the stars.

PLUMBER: Well! It's a fine end you've come to, seein' stars! (Whacks savagely at the water in the bottom of the trench.) This bloody trench, and death staring us in the face at midnight! (Gulps pitifully.)

POET (Removes his gaze from the stars): "Death staring us in the face at midnight!" . . . "Death staring us in the face at midnight!" (Whimsically, his head on one side) Do you get it?

PLUMBER: "Get it?" Well, rather! Don't you?

POET: No.

PLUMBER: Well! It's little I know about poets. But I always thought that's what being a poet is—

POET (Amused): You always thought "what's being a poet is?"

PLUMBER: "Getting it." Getting things. Getting it that we've got to die at midnight. Cold-bloodedly to die. And not settle things, either, one way or another. That's what I object to! It's so damned impractical to kill a man when it don't settle things. (Whacks again at the water.) Especially when that man's me!

POET (Musingly): No . . . I don't "get it" . . . and I suppose you're right. If I were a poet, a real poet, I should get it. . . . You—you are poet!

PLUMBER: Who, me? I am a plumber. Or I was till these blooming fools upset the world with their devilish wars. And turned a good plumber into a rotten soldier. God blast them! (Shakes his fist across No Man's Land.)

POET: But you mustn't hate them, now that you're going to kill some one or other of them, and be killed. . . .

PLUMBER: Not hate them? Well, I guess! I couldn't kill them otherwise!

POET: Oh, come now! It's something bigger than hate. All this. It's something cosmic; an upheaval forming mountains. . . . High places in men's souls!

PLUMBER: Nonsense!

POET (Amused): Say then it's the last growing pain of a civilization reaching maturity. Say—

PLUMBER: Rot! Say it's the Hun, and say it's hate!

POET: As you will. (Lifts his eyes to the stars again.) But I don't hate them. They, too, are pitiful beneath the stars. . . .

PLUMBER: God blast them anyway for killing me. Here I was a happy plumber, with everything to live for. Doing my work well, with a bit put by. And this midnight they'll finish me!

POET: So you don't relish dying?

PLUMBER: Relish dying? Do you?

POET: I don't know. The words convey nothing to me. This somehow lacks reality. . . .

PLUMBER: I don't understand poets. I should think this would be the real thing . . . if anything was.

POET: Very little is real to a poet. Life is a shadow lost in shade. . . . Once I touched reality. . . .

PLUMBER: Once? Why everything's real to me!

POET: Lucky plumber!

PLUMBER: What was it that was real to you?

POET (Musingly, facing the stars): A woman. And an hour we spent together by a starlit sea. . . . Love!

PLUMBER: Well, what was it? This reality? How different from now?

POET: It was vivid. Sharp as steel. And searing as a flame.

PLUMBER (Misery): Don't talk about steel and flame. God! I don't want to die! I don't want to die!

POET (Eagerly): Do you think death will be as vivid as love? Do you think death, too, will be reality?

PLUMBER: I don't want to die!

POET (Volplaning): Well! I don't want to die either. Life is an "Alice-in-Wonderland" dream. But poets, too, find interest in the dream's absurdities.

PLUMBER: A dream? Life is real. God, I enjoy living!

POET (Persuasively): There's a chance you won't be killed. We may come through. Both of us. The whole thing I mean. (Whimsically.) I can hear myself now, an old man, telling grandchildren, how one night I faced death in a trench at the outposts of the world. . . . Oh, I shall make a good story! They'll miss no thrill, as I tell of watching here in stone-throw of the Huns, with death and a plumber for company. . . . And as a mater of fact, I was never more bored in my life! (Laughs.) How utterly stupid it is to stand in a trench facing death. . . . If I were Faust and you the devil, I'd barter you my soul to realize, just here and now, this moment. . . .

PLUMBER: Well! You can bet, if I was that guy you're talking about, and you was the devil, I'd sell you my soul to escape this moment!

POET (Enviously): Ah, if I had had your intensity I should have been as great as Shelley! . . . You are a poet! Tell me how to feel this moment!

PLUMBER (Groaning): Try thinking of your sins.

POET: I do think of them. (Ruefully.) But I've sinned so little. . . .

PLUMBER: Surely you're sorry for your sins?

POET: No. No, I'm not sorry for my sins. (Whimsically.) I believe to-night I'm not even sorry for my virtues. . . . I am, usually.

PLUMBER (Confused): What do you mean?

POET (His tone more serious): I hardly know. Except to-night I'm glad that once I lifted up my eyes to love as a star. (Gazes upward.)

PLUMBER: I gather you're not a married man.

POET (Dreamily): What has that to do with it?

PLUMBER (Baffled): You're a queer one for me to be spending my last night with.

POET: I might return the compliment! (Shrugs.) Suppose we get busy with the cosmetics! (Props the trench-mirror against a sandbag, and begins to make-up. . . . Dreamily.) I was a minstrel once, blackened like this. . . . But it was very much more real, being a minstrel. . . . I remember I was nervous. Is make-believe always more real than reality?

PLUMBER: God! It makes me sick to think I'm done with life!

POET: How do you know you're done with life? How do you know that death is not greater life than life?

PLUMBER (Suspicious of a sermon): Don't give me any of that. I know, and you know, when a plumber dies he's dead. I'm not so sure about a poet, though. (Blacks his ears spitefully.)

POET: You mean you think a poet has a chance you haven't at immortality?

PLUMBER: That's about it. I figure this is the world for plumbers. It suits them. But poets somehow seem out of place here. They ought to have a go at another world.

POET (Touched): You think I seem out of place in this world? You think I seem out of place in this trench? You think I'm miscast in this grim show?

PLUMBER: Yes! It ain't natural to talk the way you've been talking about not hating the Huns. It ain't natural not to be furious that you've got to die. It ain't natural to be standing there saying this ain't reality,—when it's so real we've got to be over the top in an hour, killing and being killed. It ain't natural to be talking now about a minstrel show. (Slaps paint viciously upon his face.) It ain't natural for you to keep looking so longingly at stars that don't care one way or another.

POET: I'd like to talk to you when we're both dead, to-morrow. . . . You're so beautifully certain about this vast uncertainty that we call life.

PLUMBER: Damn! Damn! Damn!

POET (Applying the paint daintily): Oh, come now! You mustn't feel this way. You'll be sorry you were so rebellious once you're dead. It isn't as if the Huns had invented death. You would have had to die anyway, sooner or later. They're merely robbing you of a few years. And maybe life would

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have betrayed you; maybe plumbing would have lost its charms.

PLUMBER: Small chance of that! It shows how little you understand plumbing! Why you don't know the fun of smoothing and smoothing, and wiping and wiping the hot lead into a joint! God! If I could only get at one more plumbing job!

POET (*With a starward glance*): You do not speak of love. Is there no woman whom you love?

PLUMBER (*Beautifully*): Yes. . . . My wife. And I have children growing up, and looking to me for things. My woman's brave and strong! (*Passionately*) But it ain't fair! It ain't square! It ain't right to take me out and kill me for what I'm not to blame for. Things are wrong. Dead wrong.

POET: Things are wrong. Things have been wrong. And this (*indicates the devastation*), all this must somehow set things right. Your children will be glad you died to set things right.

PLUMBER: But I didn't. I'm not dying to set things right. I'm only dying because I must.

POET: But yes! That's just it! We all are dying because we must to set things right. . . . The world is dying because it must to set things right. . . . The old world we have known, you and I, the old world is dying because the new world must be made safe for poets and for plumbers. . . . Gods! But I envy the poets and the plumbers of the new world.

PLUMBER: Have you any children?

POET: Yes. . . . All children are my children.

PLUMBER: No children are equal to your own children. I'm glad I leave children in the world.

POET: Your own children are never equal to your dream-children. I'm glad I leave dreams in the world.

A stir begins at the extreme right of the trench.

PLUMBER (*Whispers*): Let's stay together in the charge.

POET: I was about to suggest it. . . . Ah, our cue!

Quietly, very quietly and creepingly a squad of soldiers fills the trench. The SERGEANT is in command. He gives several orders and examines the soldiers' make-up, directing a few changes. Our POET and PLUMBER busy themselves again. The owl hoots forlornly. At last the grim actors are ready.

SERGEANT (*Informally*): Fix bayonets! And watch that cloud—(*the soldiers look up*)—when it darkens those stars, we'll be over the top!

POET (*Gazing upward, raises his hand in salute*): We who are about to die salute you, deathless stars!

PLUMBER (*Under his breath*): Damn! Damn! Damn!

The soldiers remain gazing upward, while gradually as though a cloud obscured the stars, the dim light upon the stage diminishes to final dark. . . . There is a moment of smothered confusion as the men go over the top. . . . then all sounds are lost in the silence and the night of No Man's Land. An owl hoots in the darkness. . . .

[CURTAIN]

English in the Antipodes

By Charles G. Ross

THEY write and speak a different brand of English in the antipodes, as I discovered in the course of a year's work on an Australian newspaper. To be precise, I made the discovery one minute after taking a sub-editorial chair. On the theory, presumably, that if an American knew anything at all about the King's English he would know sporting terms, the chief sub-editor (corresponding to an American chief copy-reader) handed me an inch-deep pile of long-hand manuscript labeled "Turf Notes." I ran into trouble in the first paragraph "Nick-a-Jack is spelling at Bacchus Marsh."

Now, "Nick-a-Jack" was obviously the name of a horse and Bacchus Marsh the name of a locality. But "spelling?" A recruiting poster that I had seen at the Melbourne Town Hall came to mind. Be-

neath the picture of an Anzac carrying a wounded comrade were the words: "Come, lads, give us a spell." A rest! So Nick-a-Jack, gladiator of the turf, had gone to the country for a well-earned rest.

I had cleared one hurdle in the road to mastery of the Australian language, but there were many others—new turns of expression, new words, old words used in unfamiliar ways. Some of the forms were Briticisms and other were of Australian coinage. I shall not attempt in all cases to distinguish between the two kinds: they were alike to me, a benighted American, in their oddity.

"Shout," in the sense of "treat," is one of the first Australianisms that the visitor learns; for Australia is a hospitable country. "I'll shout you to a drink," says your new-found friend. The Englishman is just as likely to be puzzled by "shout" as the American. It is related that the omniscient London *Times* had to cable back to find out what was meant by a message that New Zealand, which speaks approximately the same language as Australia, had passed an "anti-shouting" law.

"Wowser" is a fine Australian word. It means a highly obnoxious *Mrs. Grundy*, male or female; one who, caring naught for pleasure himself, would deprive others of pleasure. Oppressive blue laws are "wowseristic" laws. Australia does not like "wowsers."

The origin of "wowser" is doubtful, but credit for "larrikin," another word of home coinage, can be definitely fixed. A young roysterer was haled before a magistrate by an Irish policeman. "What is the charge?" asked the magistrate. "He was just lar-r-kin' around, Your Honor," replied the policeman. Hence "larrikin"—a tough person, one who is always at odds with the police. The Australian "larrikin" is usually a member of a "push" (gang).

Not all the Australian words are of this excellent flavor. There is, for example, the horrific word "finalize" (spelled in Australia "finalise"), which is much seen in the newspapers' verbatim reports of official pronouncements. Somebody is always "finalising" arrangements in Australia. "Finalise" is in the same class with "eventuate," another favorite of the politicians.

"Notify" is curiously used as an intransitive verb. Thus: "It is notified to-day in the Commonwealth Gazette that . . ." The prime minister may "notify" that he is going to call a cabinet meeting.

Then there is the intransitive "carry on," made familiar in this country recently by the writings of English war correspondents. "Conscription may not pass, but Australia will carry on." It is a pregnant term. Our newspapers are beginning to handle it gingerly, inside quotation marks.

"Politician" has a different connotation in Australia; it is rarely used, as it frequently is in America, in a disparaging sense, but is applied to all members of the federal and state parliaments without suggestion of an ulterior meaning. Politics, and public affairs in general, are taken much more seriously in Australia than in this country. Temperamental difference may also account for the two ways of describing a candidacy (in Australia "candidature") for office; in America one "runs" for office and, in Australia, as in England, one "stands" for it. The "standing," however, is usually fast running when the contest is hot.

Prepositions were a source of trouble in the first days of my Australian adventures. I found, for example, that one meets a friend "on" and not "at" the railway (never railroad) station, and that a shopkeeper caters "for" and not "to" the public. "Through" is much more used than in America. A person is injured "through" a collision or "through" getting his hand caught in a wheel.

"Seeing that" is often made to do the work of a conjunction. "Seeing that Australia is pledged to do her utmost, there is no possible argument against this bill."

Though the average Australian "pressman" is inclined to be meticulous in his use of English, it seems to me that he errs "in respect of" (as he

would say) the verbal noun. Sentences such as "Nothing can prevent him enlisting" are common. Another form which grated on my American ear, perhaps unreasonably, was "promoted lieutenant," which struck me as carrying ellipsis to an undue extreme.

Usually, though, the Australian writer is at fault in the opposite direction. Many an otherwise well-written "leader" (editorial) is marred by such locutions as "in connection with," "in respect of" and "it may be stated that."

In spelling, too, the long forms are preferred, as "plough," "programme," "manoeuvre." "Whilst" and "amongst" are frequently seen. "Shown" is often "shewn." The "re" ending is universally employed in such words as "theatre" and "centre." "Aluminium" is always "aluminium." On the other hand, "burnt" is preferred to "burned," and some of the newspapers spell "honor," "color" and similar words without the "u." Words commonly spelled in America with a final "ize" are nearly always made to end in "ise;" thus, "summarise," "organise," "civilise." The American bank "check" is "cheque." "Nett profit," "bye-law" and "annexe" look strange to an American.

Some other forms that impressed me as odd were "office-bearers" (officers of a society), "leaderette" (a short leader), "lecturette," "wristlet watch," "councillor" (town councilman), "cookery book," "occupier" (occupant), "advisableness" (nearly always used where we say "advisability"), "footballer" and "baseballer," "nervy" (in the sense of "nervous").

In the stores (always "shops" in Australia) the American must speak a new language. If he wants candy he must call for "lollies;" table napkins are known by the ultra-polite name of "serviettes;" shoes, unless low-cut, are "boots;" dry goods are "soft goods;" the notions department is the "haberdashery;" women's cloaks are sold in the "mantle department;" canned goods are "tinned;" and so on.

Advertisements are usually in dignified English. One announcement of a sale, however, outdid anything of the circus-poster type that I had ever seen in this country. It read: "Caprizant, Caprical, Catadromous Sale."

I found it dangerous to take any liberties with the standard Australian forms. We say in America that "a meeting will be held Wednesday," but the "on" is never to be dropped in Australia. On one occasion I solved the headline writer's perennial problem, that of putting three words into a space meant for two, by deliberately adopting the American plan in this sentence:

RAILWAY EXPERT TO SAIL THURSDAY.

My lapse inspired an outraged journalist to write as follows to a newspaper man's magazine:

"If this were English, it would be, 'Railway Expert Will Sail on Thursday.' The headline is American because 'To Sail Thursday' is a construction which the Yankees borrowed from the French and made their own. The good Australian writer does not treat his prepositions so scurvily."

I submitted, in a little exchange of international amenities that followed, that American journalism, whatever its other faults, was not chronically guilty of "pre-deceased him" and "was made the recipient of."

Australia has a piquant native slang, flavored with Americanisms that have come in, I believe, largely by way of O. Henry's books and American vaudeville acts. "Wowser" and "larrikin" I have mentioned. "Sundowner" is another distinctive word, the equivalent of the American "tramp." The name comes from the canny wanderer's habit of arriving at a home in the "bush" at sundown, in quest of "tucker" and a night's lodging. A term that has come down from the old gold-mining days is "new chum," meaning a newcomer, a tenderfoot. One's mate, partner, is his "cobber." A gentleman laborer on a sheep "station" (ranch) is a "jackeroo." The

thinly settled parts of the country away from the sea coast are the "back blocks." The country in general, as opposed to the towns, is the "bush." A "squatter" is a rich land owner in the country. An aborigine is a "blackfellow." One who is feeling indisposed is "crook" and a drunken man is "shickered." "Tart" (contraction of "sweetheart"), meaning simply girl, is not barred from polite intercourse, but "bloody" is a virulent swear word, for men only. "Bonzer" and "boshter" are adjectives denoting the very pinnacle of excellence. A tin bucket is a "billy," and tea made therein is "billy tea"—the favorite Australian beverage.

Anyone desiring to sample Australian slang at its best should read "The Sentimental Bloke" and its companion book, "The Moods of Ginger Mick," the work of a contemporary Australian poet, C. J. Dennis. Dennis is a skillful verse-maker, and withal a poet of merit. The books named are the best sellers in Australia.

When I left Australia Dennis was spelling in the bush, having just completed "The Glugs of Gosh." The proper comment on that book is contained in the last word of the title. As for the Bloke and the Mick, they are good books to which to shout one's self or a soldier cobber.



The Old Bookman

CONFESIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE

By Horace Flack

XLI. THE GROUNDS OF OBJECTION TO COMPULSORY COMMON SENSE

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S "Demonology and Witchcraft," stamped cloth cover, can be had new for a shilling and sixpence, by calling for Number Eleven of Morley's "Universal Library." I have it in an edition of Sir Walter's miscellaneous writings in prose and verse, which is old enough to suit my taste. When I must buy an old book new, I prefer one edited by a man like Morley to the bargain-counter edition in which (for reasons it is not necessary to explain) I bought all Scott's novels about the year 1895. My acquaintance with those novels, however, dates its beginnings to a period before the beginnings of my acquaintance with myself. I have a distinct impression that I was sitting on somebody's knee when I first heard the story of Redgauntlet,—that is the demonological part as the only part of it which makes the rest worth while. As the greatest demonologist of modern times, Sir Walter probably began his conquest of my intellect when I was under five years old. He completed it subsequently by his poems, more even than by his fiction. Intense as is the antique Scottish love of fighting for its own sake which he shows throughout his fiction, he is above everything a poet, and it is only as he begins to sing that our racial heredity finds expression in music:

To the Lords of Convention, 'twas Claverhouse spoke:
Ere the king's crown goes down there are crowns to be broke."

Sing me that and the rest of that, if you please! Then "unhook the west port," as the bells ring backwards, when men "who their duties know, but know their rights and knowing, dare maintain," are ready for the hills beyond Pentland. But I am forgetting myself. I am talking "like one possessed." By referring to the proper page of Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," I might explain this to the satisfaction of some. The explanation I prefer is that I was once more as completely possessed by Sir Walter himself as were two of the friends of my youth, who before I knew them had walked out of the romance of Scott's novels into the reality of a civil war so bloody, muddy, foul and altogether despicable, repulsive and detestable that no genius less than Scott's could keep the "halo of romance" lingering around its memories. Yet as "typical Americans" when they came out of it, knowing it

for what it was, they loved it better than ever for what it is not. When it seemed expedient to two of them to fight the last duel in Missouri which Sir Walter would have approved, they failed to make the sequel romantic enough for his purposes only because, while both were anxious to be shot at, each was afraid he might hurt the other. As both survived, only one of them was fond enough of me afterwards to give me his photograph. He was the one I might have shot at in 1865 if I had not been too wretchedly young to be permitted to begin. This he fully understood, and gave me full credit for, as I do still give him credit for living his whole life through in the halo of romance which made him as gallant a gentleman as ever lived, in or out of Scott's novels. But how even with the ultimate mercy of heaven favoring us, can we ever have what ought to be common sense, when we are possessed by Sir Walter Scott's fiction and what he loved best in life everlasting? When I am possessed by Sir Walter, I need and enjoy "Demonology and Witchcraft." We (Sir Walter and I) would find the world a dull and dreary place without "the devil and all his works." By all means give us the world as it was known to the ancestors we venerate. Then Sir Walter will do the rest to make the earth the most interesting of all planets known to be inhabited. A good fight is the best thing in it,—except a better one. If we are so common and low-born as to have nothing but crab-tree cudgels, we can still do our share (*id est*, "our bit") and increase the interest. But put a gentleman, "born and bred," with his back to the wall, with odds of ten to one against him, as he defies the devil and all his works,—then if we are possessed by Sir Walter, we know that life is worth living. As for common sense, how many books would be left if it were compulsory? And who would be left to read them?



The Chorus Girl

By Roy L. McCarell

"SAY, didn't you hear? I'm in vaudeville," said the Chorus Girl, "and say, it's a scream! I got a great sketch, and it goes with all the quiet languor of a wooden-shoe dance.

"Of course, it is only an old nigger-act rewrite for me by Gagger & Shine, but you got to give 'em humor of the assault-and-battery brand in vaudeville, and when I slap the Duke in the face with a huckleberry pie at the curtain, the audience falls out of their seats.

"I tell you they won't stand for high art, and all they know about finger-bowls is that it is to laugh when anybody drinks out of them. But they know what's the goods and they want it.

"The sketch is called 'The Outcast Heiress,' and my entrance is as 'Rags, the Little Flower Girl.' I come into the Duke of Fordham's palace to sell my flowers. This gives me my first song, 'My Baboon Baby,' with buck-and-wing.

"Then the Duke comes in to order me out of his drawing-room, because I have kicked over some valuable vases and broke them. This gives me a chance to tell him the poor is better than the rich, even if they haven't as much money.

"My lines go something like this, 'See the poor man out of work, because he is striking for his rights! He is starving in the snow! A rich man passes in his automobile wrapped in furs. Does he stop and share his money with the poor panhandler? No!'

"Next comes the poor drunkard. What does he do? He puts his hand in his bosom and with trembling fingers, hands the starving workman a smoking-hot plum pudding!

"But just as the famished wretch is about to place it to his lips he sees it is a non-union plum-pudding—it doesn't bear the 'National Federation

of Plum Pudding Makers' label. It is a sweat-shop plum-pudding!"

"Throwing it away from him he sinks down and dies, starved in the snow, but faithful unto death!"

"Gee! It's a slam! Union labor's rights goes great in continuous. The audience tears up the seats, while the Duke strokes his mustache and mutters, 'Curses on their clamors, they would deprive muh of muh estates!'

"Then I discover my mother's picture on the wall and I realize that I am the rightful heir and the Duke is only an imposter. To save himself he offers to marry me and invites me to stay to dinner.

"This is my cue to run off to change my dress to an imported gown with a lace opera cloak while the Duke holds the stage by an acrobatic song and dance, 'The Ragtime Garbage Man,' and does a giant swing on the chandelier, which is a breakaway, and comes down with a crash.

"I enter in me joy togs and pick him up by the slack of his trousers and sing, 'In High Society.'

"Then the flunkies bring on the huckleberry pie and champagne and I horrify the Duke by drinking out of the finger bowl. When he objects I smash him in the face with the huckleberry pie and close the sketch.

"Say, didn't you see my press notices, 'Lulu Lorimer in Her Refined Sketch "The Outcast Heiress"?' Why, say, Joe Page Smith offers to book me for forty weeks at my own price.

"Well, I may play the 'Small Time,' too, if I am coaxed, but no further west than Newark for me.

"No, I don't think it will hurt my professional standing by going into vaudeville. Look at Fritz Schneff. Why, she went from grand opera to musical comedy, didn't she?

"But, say, if you could have seen the reception I got! I came on right after the high-school horses, and I guess my quiet little act was appreciated.

"Mazie Fortescue and Goldie Magee were there in the stage box just hoping I'd open to a sea of ice, and they were so mad, sitting there, tapping their finger nails together with lots of action but little noise, to hear my friends in front just whooping it up for me.

"They had the nerve to come back to my dressing-room and tell me that my sketch would go better at matinees, and that it would be all right after I cut it a little and got some better songs and put some ginger into it.

"I suppose you were nervous, Lulu, dear," said Mazie, "because your makeup was awful. How much do you get, honestly?"

"I get it all honestly," says I, "and it's three hundred a week."

"Well, it's a lot of money for so little, but getting a lot of money in vaudeville is like marrying a rich Chinaman. It fixes you fine, but you are always ashamed of it," says Goldie Magee. Hasn't she the mean disposition?

"Then they have the nerve to ask me if I didn't hear them give me a reception when I came on! Like as if I could hear any particular people when the whole house was on its hind legs.

"My, how it makes some people mad to know their best friends are prospering!"

"And all this time Mamma De Branscombe and Amy and Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum were standing in the wings, blocked out of my dressing-room by the Hammer Sisters.

"But I turned and handed it to them haughty and said, 'Girls, you won't mind stepping out, will you? The stage manager is kicking about the wagon-load of flowers sent me, blocking the back of the stage. I want the orchids brought in here, but the roses I'll distribute to the hospitals.'

"And they ducked out, while Mamma De Branscombe came in and cried over me.

"Say, since I've gone into vaudeville Mamma De Branscombe regards me as not dead, but gone before."

"Ain't you going to put my picture in the paper?"

A Memory of Rodin

By George Bernard Shaw

Reproduced from an article printed in the London Nation of November 9, 1912.

In the year 1906 it was proposed to furnish the world with an authentic portrait bust of me before I had left the prime of life too far behind. The question then arose: Could Rodin be induced to undertake the work? On no other condition would I sit, because it was clear to me that Rodin was not only the greatest sculptor then living, but the greatest sculptor of his epoch; one of those extraordinary persons who, like Michael Angelo, or Phidias, or Praxiteles, dominate whole ages as fashionable favorites dominate a single London season. I saw, therefore, that any man who, being a contemporary of Rodin, deliberately allowed his bust to be made by anybody else, must go down to posterity (if he went down at all) as a stupendous nincompoop.

Also, I wanted a portrait of myself by an artist capable of seeing me. Many clever portraits of my reputation were in existence; but I have never been taken in by my reputation, having manufactured it myself. A reputation is a mask which a man has to wear just as he has to wear a coat and trousers; it is a disguise we insist on as a point of decency. The result is that we have hardly any portraits of men and women. We have no portraits of their legs and shoulders; only of their skirts and trousers and blouses and coats. Nobody knows what Dickens was like, or what Queen Victoria was like, though their wardrobes are on record. Many people fancy they know their faces; but they are deceived; we know only the fashionable mask of the distinguished novelist and of the queen. And the mask defies the camera. When Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn wanted to exhibit a full-length photographic portrait of me, I secured a faithful representation up to the neck by the trite expedient of sitting to him one morning as I got out of my bath. The portrait was duly hung before a stupefied public as a first step towards the realization of Carlyle's antidote to political idolatry: a naked parliament. But though the body was my body, the face was the face of my reputation. So much so, in fact, that the critics concluded that Mr. Coburn had faked his photograph, and stuck my head on somebody else's shoulders. For, as I have said, the mask cannot be penetrated by the camera. It is transparent only to the eye of a veritably god-like artist.

Rodin tells us that his wonderful portrait-busts seldom please the sitters. I can go further, and say that they often puzzle and disappoint the sitter's friends. The busts are of real men, not of the reputations of celebrated persons. Look at my bust, and you will not find it a bit like that brilliant fiction known as G. B. S. or Bernard Shaw. But it is most frightfully like me. It is what is really there, not what you think is there. The same with Puvis de Chavannes and the rest of them. Puvis de Chavannes protested, as one gathers—pointed to his mirror and to his photographs to prove that he was not like his bust. But I am convinced that he was

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not only like his bust, but that the bust actually was himself as distinct from his collars and his public manners. Puvis, though an artist of great merit, could not see himself. Rodin could. He saw me. Nobody else has done that yet.

Troubetzkoi once made a most fascinating Shavian bust of me. He did it in about five hours, in Sargent's studio. It was a delightful and wonderful performance. He worked convulsively, giving birth to the thing in agonies, hurling lumps of clay about with groans, and making strange, dumb movements with his tongue, like a wordless prophet. He covered himself with plaster. He covered Sargent's carpets and curtains and pictures with plaster. He covered me with plaster. And, finally, he covered the block he was working on with plaster to such purpose, that, at the end of the second sitting, lo! there stood Sargent's studio in ruins, buried like Pompeii under the scoria of a volcano, and in the midst a spirited bust of one of my reputations, a little idealized (quite the gentleman, in fact) but

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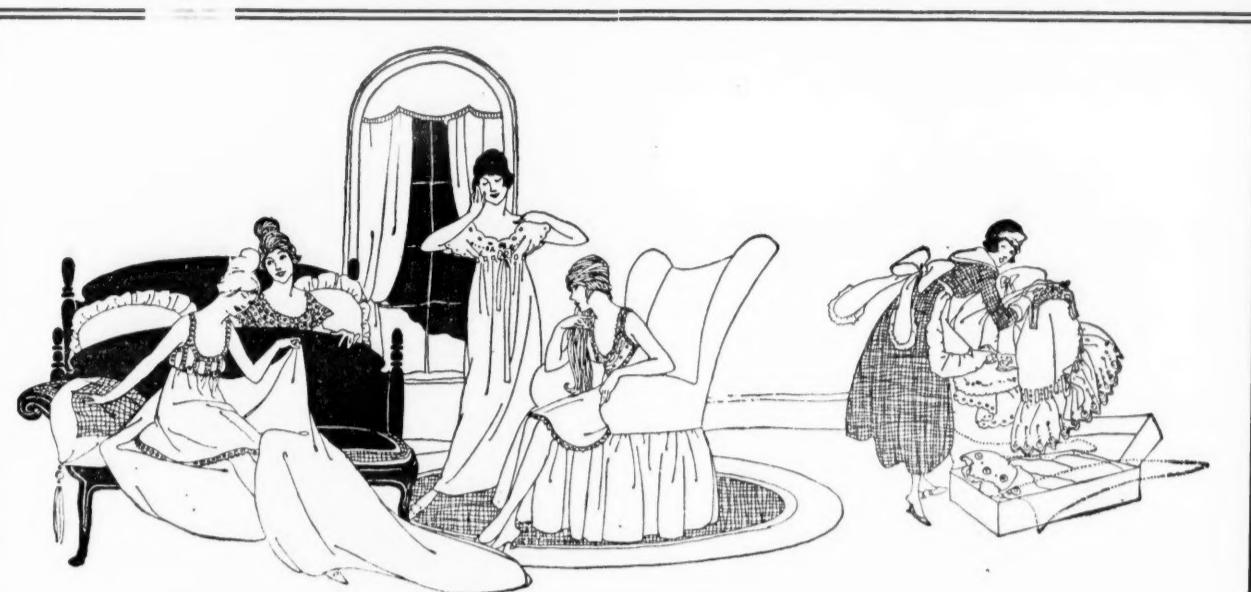
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recognizable a mile off as the sardonic author of "Man and Superman," with a dash of Offenbach, a touch of Mephistopheles, and a certain aristocratic delicacy and distinction that came from Troubetzkoi himself, he being a prince. I should like to have that bust; but the truth is, my wife cannot stand Offenbach-Mephistopheles; and I was not allowed to have the bust any more than I was allowed to have that other witty jibe at my poses, Neville Lytton's portrait of me as Velasquez's Pope Innocent.

Rodin worked very differently. He plodded along exactly as if he were a river-god doing a job of wall-building in a garden for three or four francs a day. When he was in doubt he measured me with an old iron dividers, and then measured the bust. If the bust's nose was too long, he sliced a bit out of it, and jammed the tip of it up to close the gap, with no more emotion or affection than a glazier putting in a window pane. If the ear was in the wrong place, he cut it off and slapped it into its right place, excusing these cold-blood mutilations to my wife (who half expected to see the already terribly animated clay bleed) by remarking that it was shorter than to make a new ear. Yet a succession of miracles took place as he worked. In the first fifteen minutes, in merely giving a suggestion of human shape to the lump of clay, he produced so spirited a thumbnail bust of me that I wanted to take it away and relieve him from further labor. It reminded me of a highly finished bust by Sarah Bernhardt, who is very clever with her fingers. But that phase van-

ished like a summer cloud as the bust evolved. I say evolved advisedly; for it passed through every stage in the evolution of art before my eyes in the course of a month. After that first fifteen minutes it sobered down into a careful representation of my features in their exact living dimensions. Then this representation mysteriously went back to the cradle of Christian art, at which point I again wanted to say: "For heaven's sake, stop and give me that: it is a Byzantine masterpiece." Then it began to look as if Bernini had meddled with it. Then, to my horror, it smoothed out into a plausible, rather elegant piece of eighteenth-century work, almost as if Houdon had touched up a head by Canova or Thorwaldsen, or as if Leighton had tried his hand at eclecticism in bust-making. At this point Troubetzkoi would have broken it with a hammer, and given it up with a wail of despair. Rodin contemplated it with an air of callous patience, and went on with his job, more like a river-god turned plasterer than ever. Then another century passed in a single night; and the bust became a Rodin bust, and was the living head of which I carried the model on my shoulders. It was a process for the embryologist to study, not the aesthete. Rodin's hand worked, not as a sculptor's hand works, but as the Life Force works. What is more, I found that he was aware of it, quite simply. I no more think of Rodin as a celebrated sculptor than I think of Elijah as a well-known *littérateur* and forcible after-dinner speaker. His "Main de Dieu" is his own hand. That is why all the stuff written about him by professional art-critics is such ludicrous cackle and piffle. I have been a professional art-critic myself, and perhaps not much of one at that (though I fully admit that I touched nothing I did not adorn), but at least I knew how to take off my hat and hold my tongue when my cacklings and pifflings would have been impertinences.

Rodin took the conceit out of me most horribly. Once he showed me a torso of a female figure: an antique. It was a beauty; and I swallowed it whole. He waited rather wistfully for a moment, to see whether I really knew chalk from cheese, and then pointed out to me that the upper half of the figure was curiously inferior to the lower half, as if the sculptor had taught himself as he went along. The difference, which I had been blind to a moment before, was so obvious when he pointed it out, that I have despised myself ever since for not seeing it. There never was such an eye for carved stone as Rodin's. To the average critic or connoisseur half the treasures he collects seem nothing but a heap of old paving-stones. But they all have somewhere a scrap of modelled surface, perhaps half the size of a postage stamp, that makes gems of them. In his own work he shows a strong feeling for the beauty of marble. He gave me three busts of myself: one in bronze, one in plaster, one in marble. The bronze is me (growing younger now). The plaster is me. But the marble has quite another sort of life: it glows; and light flows over it. It does not look solid: it looks luminous; and this curious glowing and flowing keeps people's fingers off it; for you feel as



THE 1918 WHITE SALES

THE center of interest for the women of Saint Louis now is, the Stupendous Sale of White. As in former years, this event is planned upon a broad scale, and will be one of the utmost helpfulness to everyone.

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if you could not catch hold of it. People say that all modern sculpture is done by the Italian artisans who mechanically reproduce the sculptor's plaster model in the stone. Rodin himself says so. But the peculiar qualities that Rodin gets in his marbles are not in the clay models. What is more, other sculptors can hire artisans, including those who have worked for Rodin. Yet no other sculptor produces such marbles as Rodin. One day Rodin told me that all modern sculpture is imposture; that neither he nor any of the others can use a chisel. A few days later he let slip the remark: "Handling the chisel is very interesting." Yet when he models a portrait-bust, his method is neither that of Michael Angelo with his chisel nor of a modeller in the round, but that of a draughtsman outlining in clay the thousand profiles which your head would present if it were sliced a thousand times through the center at different angles.

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Lawyer—How large were the hoofs? Were they as large as my feet or my hands?

Darkey—No, sah, they was jus' ordinary-sized hoofs, sah.—*Widow*.

Coming Shows

"Potash and Perlmutter in Society," the new comedy by Montagu Glass and Rei Cooper Megrue, being a continuation of "Potash and Perlmutter," will have its first presentation in this city at the Jefferson theatre next week. The action takes place in the homes of Mawruss and Abe and in the offices of their cloak and suit companies. It is the story of how the partners were inveigled into a corporation and then deceived, and how poorer, wiser and happier they had to start all over again.

Another good play, which had a long run to capacity houses in New York, will be presented at the Shubert-Garrick next week. It is "The Thirteenth Chair" by Bayard Veiller, who is also the author of "Within the Law." This later play is a mystery melodrama as exciting as his first success and regarded by many critics as superior to it. Twere a shame to tell the story; see it.

A terpsichorean act by two stars of the "Miss 1917" company, George White and Emma Haig, will lead the bill at the Orpheum next week. Other numbers will include Georges March's "Jungle Players" in which seven actors and four lions perform; the Misses Campbell in new songs; Mrs. Gene Hughes and company in "Gowns;" A. Robins, imitating musical instruments;

a musical oddity called "Davigneau's Imperial Duo;" Fern, Biglow and Mehan, gymnasts; and the Universal weekly.

Since Klaw & Erlanger have leased the American theatre for their productions, the attractions originally scheduled for that house will be presented at the Imperial. A musical comedy, the cheeriest of all Bud Fisher's cartoon comedies, called "Mutt and Jeff Divorced" will be the first play in the new house and will open next Sunday matinee for a week. Staging, costuming and cast are excellent.

The Columbia announces that next week it will produce the greatest show it has offered during the present season—"The Mimic World of 1917" featuring Felix. This production was recently shown at a dinner of the Friars and the actor-members voted it a remarkable performance. The programme also includes Hagen and Elton in "Polly's Polygamy;" Jimmy Lyons "On the Independent Ticket;" the Musical Christies in a novelty musical offering; and the Universal Weekly.

"The Naughty Princess," a farcical operetta in five scenes, will be the leading attraction at the Grand Opera House next week. The music and



The January Sale of MUSLIN UNDERWEAR Is Now In Progress

An annual event of great importance through which thousands of St. Louis women will profit.

This sale was planned on an unusually broad scale—the variety is practically endless—there is everything that you could want in dainty undergarments—styles galore. Garments that are practical—well made and of

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lyrics are by William B. Friedlander and the book by Will M. Hough. Hugo Lutgens, "the Swede Billy Sunday," will impersonate a Swedish evangelist giving his first sermon in English. Other numbers are the three Kawanas in "Nippon's Novelty;" Holden and Herron with songs and patter; Oddone, a musical eccentricity; and the Universal weekly.

❖

Hughy Bernard's "American Burlesquers" with Harry (Watch-the-Slide) Welsh as chief funster, will make their annual appearance at the Standard theatre next week. Mr. Bernard has provided a genuine musical farce with a comedy plot and innumerable laughs, and a company which is a treat to both eye and ear.

❖

Dave Marion, who produces a new show each year, will come to the Gayety next week with his company in a "World of Frolics." The production is in two acts and fifteen scenes, staged by Urban, and the costumes are in keeping with the scenery. Marion in his character of Snuffy, will be assisted by S. H. Dudley, noted colored comedian; Charles Raymond, who returns to burlesque after two years; Henry Plunket in character roles; Horan and Burke, blackface comedians; Agnes Behler in stunning gowns; Nellie Watson, a dainty soubrette, and a large and beautiful chorus.

Symphony

This is the second "open week" in the present season of the Symphony orchestra and there will be no Friday and Saturday concerts. Next week Reinhard Werrenrath, baritone, will be soloist. At the coming Sunday "Pop" Mme. Ida Delledonne, the orchestra's harpist, will be soloist and will play a number of short compositions, one of them by her husband, who is a member of the bassoon section of the orchestra. The programme follows:

1. Coronation March from "Henry VIII" Music German
2. Overture to "Martha" Flotow
3. Two sketches for Orchestra, Kramer
 - (a) Valse Triste.
 - (b) Chant Negre.
4. Irish Rhapsody Herbert
5. Harp Solo:
6. Selection from "Romeo and Juliet" Gounod
7. March, "Cruiser Harvard" Strube

Recital

A joint recital will be given next Thursday evening, January 10, at Sheldon Memorial by Miss Rosalie Wirthlin, dramatic contralto, and Leo C. Miller, pianist. Miss Wirthlin has made her home in New York for the past ten years, where she sings in the Second Church of Christ Scientist. She has concertized considerably and from all the eastern cities come re-

ports of a success which classes her among the best contraltos on the concert stage. Mr. Miller has won recognition in Europe. He recently came to St. Louis and is now engaged as director of the Chaminade club and is dean of music at Lindenwood college. The coming recital will be his first professional concert appearance here. He will play selections from Brahms, D'Albert, Liszt, Ganz, Chopin, Beethoven-Busoni, Debussy and Sainte Saens. Miss Wirthlin will sing English, American and French songs, the last including the "Sainte Dorothee" of Fourdrain.

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Music's Secret

By Ernest R. Kroeger

The great majority of those who listen to music do not think of anything beyond its power to entertain. It must please; otherwise it is useless. Music is not considered to be an art. The scientific and aesthetic sides of it are unknown. The main purpose of music is to give pleasure. Many an intelligent person well versed in cultural matters adopts this standpoint. To such a one information concerning the constructive features of a musical composition is of little or no value. In fact he is bored by an explanation of its form, or a dissertation regarding its

workmanship. To interest auditors of this sort, analyses of compositions are given in concert programmes; lecturers are engaged to elucidate the mysteries of symphonic works performed by orchestras; talking machines are enlisted in furthering the cause of musical education.

Books have recently been published on "the appreciation of music," which have had a large sale. Such a book as Mrs. Ella White Custer's "The Sources of the Power of Music," however, is essentially for the thinker. There are those who wish to cultivate a philosophy for anything of consequence in nature or art which interests them. This book will doubtless appeal to them. According to Mrs. Custer, the main sources of music's power are three: Dynamics, Rhythms, Harmonics. These correspond to men's threefold nature: physical, intellectual, emotional. Her conclusion from this correspondence is that "art is a reflection of humanity." Each of these three divisions is analyzed in a complete but concise manner, which is so forceful as to be axiomatic. Her conclusions are the logical result of a thoughtful reasoning on musical problems which has gone on for a number of years. There is no escaping the soundness of her statements. They coincide with well-known facts, and her sentences are so constructed as to be easily retained in the memory.

The fourth chapter is the only one which might be debated. It is entitled "Significance of the C Major Scale." Mrs. Custer's chart of the notes of this scale, with her definitions of the character of each note in the octave, and the color of each as it appears to her, is open to criticism. Considered from the purely diatonic standpoint much could be said. Isolated instances of important compositions and striking passages in C major can be found, and some of these Mrs. Custer quotes. But comparatively few composers seemed to prefer this key to others. In these days, however, when the principle of a central chromatic-enharmomic scale is held by most composers, with the diatonic scales radiating from it like the spokes of a wheel from the hub, the significance of a powerful dominating diatonic major scale is lost.

Also the color-scheme does not conform with others which have been put forth by authorities. Associating definite colors with individual notes is a matter not decided upon by most musicians. In fact, the greatest composers have given this subject no thought whatsoever, if we may judge by all their writings. If they had had fixed ideas concerning it, they would have indicated them somewhere. Even Wagner in all his voluminous pamphlets and essays does not touch upon this topic. The last two chapters: "The Psychological Sources of Art" and "Beauty" are admirable,—especially the first named. One particularly terse sentence in the chapter on "Beauty" is: "The love of Beauty is one of the few constant things in life." Art should be an exposition of the beautiful, and music especially so. When hearing a great symphony, the emotions of the listener should be freely played upon, and the intellect should be satisfied with its construction; but above all, the element of beauty should so pre-

dominate that the spiritual side of his nature should be elevated to such an extent that he feels an unconscious striving towards divinity. Mrs. Custer's closing chapter is along this line. On the whole, this volume, published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine, is not only of value to the serious musician, but to the average "layman" as well. It well furnishes food for thought to art-lovers.

Marts and Money

It was a week of signs and wonders in little old Wall street. By taking over the transportation lines and boldly cutting a formidable Gordian knot, the government threw Wall street folks into feverish excitement and effusive exultation. The quotations for leading railroad stocks rose eight to fifteen points, and the volumes of business expanded thirty to fifty per cent. There were three million-share days, one record going beyond the 1,125,000 mark. It was a miraculous transformation. The day before President Wilson's proclamation was published, the market closed in a state of pronounced weakness. Union Pacific common was down to 103½, and New York Central to 62½. The opening figures the following day were 111 and 72½, respectively. Subsequently, 115 and 73½ were reached. Remarkable gains were recorded also in the prices of Atchison, Baltimore & Ohio, Chicago, M. & St. Paul, Great Northern, and Northern Pacific. The rise in the last-named case was accentuated by the declaration of the regular

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quarterly dividend of \$1.75. A few hours before the government took actual control, the directorial board of the Chicago, R. I. & Pacific declared semi-annual dividends of \$3 and \$3.50, respectively, on their 6 and 7 per cent preferred stocks, the first dividends since reorganization. This action was taken with a view to placing the shares in a favorable position under the new order of things, the general assumption being that stocks which were on the non-dividend-paying list under the old order will not be entitled to payments under the rule of W. G. McAdoo. I believe that this idea will undergo material modification before long. The precipitous advances caused great grief and heavy losses among the ranks of depressionistic adventurers. But it is known that many important short contracts still are in effect, owners of them being in hopes that something or other may turn up shortly that should give them a chance to cover without calamitous changes in their bank accounts. Their anticipations seem fragile, and are certainly far from edifying. With respect to the preliminary nationalization scheme, as outlined in the proclamation, the consensus of representative opinion is, that it affords a practical and equitable solution of a most perplexing problem. There's a strong belief, also, in some prominent quarters, that it forms the initial step towards complete federal ownership. This idea I consider thoroughly warranted. A return to the *status quo ante* appears impossible. The private and competitive system will be viewed as an intolerable anachronism before the lapse of twelve months. Congress will no doubt act quickly and approvingly in the premises, and it is conceivable that the final outcome may be



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still more to the liking of financiers and investors in general than Wall street feels inclined to think at this moment. Particular gratification is voiced on account of the promise that the government will take care of all issues of maturing notes and bonds and helpfully supervise all plans of new financing. The commerce commission is relegated to a subordinate position, and some anti-trust statutes are thrown on the legislative junk-pile. The time has come for writing obituary notices respecting the time-honored, sacred *laissez-faire et laisser-aller* dogma. We make no mistake if we hold ourselves prepared for the promulgation of additional nationalization schemes. Especially inviting acquisitions seem the express, telegraph and telephone industries. Will the upward movement go farther? This is the uppermost question now in Wall street. Predominant opinion gives affirmative answer. In the MIRROR of December 28 I made the following statement: "If, for example, Union Pacific, after dropping to 102, had swept impetuously upward to, say, 112 or 114, the propriety of cheerful conclusions would have been unquestionable." Well, in the last few days Union Pacific has rallied from 103½ to 115. What next? According to the rules of the speculative game, the secondary decline should be

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	1	2	3	4	5

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witnessed in a few days. It may amount to five or six points in the most active instances. After it has run its course, prices should score further substantial recoveries, in the absence of new developments of a portentous sort on the other side of the Atlantic. Talk of an early peace is still indulged in, and that quite frequently. It appeared in Wall street dispatches even during the violent rise caused by the presidential message. "The market is discounting peace" —such is the legend, invariably. It is not treated courteously, though. It has been seen so often since December, 1916, that the great majority of traders are disposed to consider it an objectionable hoax. In view of the low rates yet existing for bills drawn on belligerent countries, as also of the low prices yet effective for national bonds, the widely prevalent skepticism concerning peace rumors looks amply justified. Moreover, there can be no doubt that neither Washington, nor London, nor Paris are inclined to consider seriously such terms of peace as the Teutonic allies have lately submitted to the Bolshevik government. Steel common advanced to 88 $\frac{1}{4}$ during the height of the big "bulge." On December 20, it was worth only 79 $\frac{1}{2}$. In all probability most of the demand originated in bear offices. In the judgment of some leading operators, this stock is an excellent purchase at or around the present level, and they give assurance that large blocks of it have in recent weeks been bought for the account of genuine and conservative investors. Copper shares were not very conspicuous in the revival. Anaconda rose from 55 to 59, Kennecott from 30 to 31 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Utah from 74 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 78 $\frac{1}{2}$. Relative to these three stocks, it should be borne in mind that their recent low notches were 51 $\frac{1}{2}$, 26, and 70 $\frac{1}{2}$, respectively. Their total recoveries thus contrast quite favorably with those recorded in the past week in the prices of leading railroad certificates. The final outburst of liquidation occurred in the railroad department. This point must not be overlooked in our market calculations. The bond market was not slow to respond smartly to the betterment in stock values. Numerous railroad issues appreciated two to three points. The improvement in industrial issues was less marked. Taken comprehensively, the bond list still acts in rather disappointing manner. The recoveries are not at all what they should be, in the face of the serious declines established since July, 1916. The Liberty 4 per cent bonds were down to about 96.75 the other day, but have since returned to 97.25. The 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ s display firmness to 98.50; occasionally they relapse to 98.40. Anglo-French 5s are quoted at 88, against 89 a week back. The recent absolute minimum was 81 $\frac{1}{2}$. Dominion of Canada 5s, due 1931, remain pretty weak; their ruling price is 87 $\frac{1}{4}$. The high point in 1916 was 102 $\frac{1}{4}$. In the foreign exchange market the feeble features still are Italian and Russian drafts. The respective quotations are 8.37 lire and 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents. Sterling and franc bills are firm at or near previous quotations. Stock exchange circles were somewhat perturbed a few days since over reports from London that the British treasurer, A. Bonar Law, had seen fit to denounce rumors that

Great Britain might be compelled to repudiate some of her national debts. He was credited with the following words: "I should like to state, and to state as strongly as I can, that, in my opinion, no British government, present and future, will seek to break faith with those who have placed their financial resources at the disposal of the state in this crisis of its history. . . . Whatever be the financial policy of the government after the war, I am certain of this, that any discrimination there may be will not be in favor of those who have withheld their money from the state at a time when its needs were greatest." From the latter passage Wall street infers that those wealthy people who have been parsimonious in supporting the nation will eventually have their riches conscripted. Seems to me that conscription of wealth, in direct or indirect form, will be practiced at not very remote dates in all the warring countries. I fail to understand how it can possibly be avoided. The quotation for silver is up to 86 $\frac{1}{4}$, and is confidently expected again to cross the 90-mark in the near future. There are intimations that the Washington and London governments are negotiating with a view to fixing an official price for the metal, in so far at least as mint purchases are concerned. The world's output, we are told, continues to fall substantially short of actual requirements.

Finance in St. Louis

It was a quiet and narrow kind of market on the local stock exchange. There were no important changes in any prominent quarter, if exception is made of United Railways bonds and shares, the prices of which suffered from a renewal of liquidation on a moderate scale. The 4s fell to 50.50 at one time,—another absolute minimum. The total of sales was \$23,000. The latest transfer resulted in a recovery to 51.50. Last July, the price was up to 66.50. Thirty-three shares of the preferred stock brought 15.50. This implies a decline of about \$11 from the recent top notch, but still is \$3 above the minimum set in 1916. There were no transactions in the common stock. It is offering at 5.50, with only 4 bid. The uncertain legal and financial status of the company puts the holders of its securities in a dismal position. The quotation for Bank of Commerce denotes a relapse to 114. A little over thirty shares were lately disposed of. Five shares of Boatmen's Bank were taken at 102, a figure showing a little improvement over the previous record. Three small lots of Mercantile Trust, aggregating ten shares, were sold at 348 to 350.75. The values of other banking certificates indicate no changes of real interest. Offerings are unusually limited, if made at all. The prices of industrial issues continue steady to firm, broadly speaking. On profit-taking, National Candy common yielded a point of its previous sharp advance, one hundred and fifty shares being sold at 34. Ten Certained common brought 42.50, ten Brown Shoe preferred 92, and twenty-five of the common 60.12 $\frac{1}{2}$. Business is heavy at the banks and trust companies, owing to the great requirements and shifting of funds incidental to year-end

settlements. Time loans are decidedly firm at 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 6 per cent.

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Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bank of Commerce	113 $\frac{1}{2}$...
Mercantile Trust	351	...
United Railways com.	4 $\frac{1}{2}$...
do pfd.	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	20 $\frac{1}{2}$
do 4s.	55 $\frac{1}{2}$...
Fulton Iron com.	44	...
Certain-Teed com.	47 $\frac{3}{4}$	49
do 2d pfd.	89	...
St. L. Cotton Compress	10	...
Ely & Walker com.	105	110
do 1st pfd.	106 $\frac{1}{2}$...
do 2d pfd.	85	...
Int. Shoe com.	99 $\frac{1}{4}$...
Brown Shoe com.	60	61 $\frac{1}{2}$
do pfd.	91	...
National Candy com.	32	33

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Answers to Inquiries

INVESTOR, St. Louis.—The refunding of the Seaboard Air Line Railway Co. are a second-grade investment, but cheap, nevertheless, at the ruling quotation of 55, which indicates a decline of about twenty points from the top mark in 1916. Under the new dispensation as regards railroad affairs, the bonds should record some notable improvement. The total amount outstanding is \$20,004,000. The interest (5 per cent) on the \$25,000,000 adjustment bonds still is being earned, and will no doubt be paid in 1918.

E. H. W., Lexington, Mo.—Baldwin Locomotive common is rated at 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ at this moment. It was below 50 recently. It is believed that something like 5 per cent could be paid on it in 1918. The board of directors may, however, think it advisable to adhere to their policy of conservatism in order to accumulate a surplus sufficiently large to permit of regular disbursements after these are at last decided upon. Nothing has been paid since January 1, 1915. In view of the material change for the better in Wall street, a further advance in the stock's value is not improbable.

MIRROR READER, Philadelphia, Pa.—American Smelting & Refining common has lately advanced from 68 to 70 $\frac{1}{2}$. The maximum in 1916 was 123 $\frac{3}{4}$. The regular dividend is 6 per cent per annum, but an extra 50 cents was paid last July. The 6 per cent rate can easily be maintained, and this being the case, it can scarcely be claimed that the current quotation denotes extravagant overvaluation. Whether further improvement will be witnessed depends mostly upon the course of the general market. The stock has, as a rule, always sold on a somewhat lower investment basis than other issues of its class. The company is substantially advantaged by the high price of silver,—now 86 $\frac{1}{8}$ cents.

OBSERVER, Detroit, Mich.—Wheeling & Lake Erie common is an inferior speculation, but likely to appreciate to an interesting extent if the upward course in railway issues make further headway. The current quotation (10 $\frac{3}{4}$) compares with 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ last January. The preferred stock must be regarded as a much more promising speculation. It was worth 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ a little over a year ago.

MARKET, Springfield, Ill.—Missouri Pacific is quoted at 25. It is a meritorious proposition, and should register a considerable advance by and by. The fact that it is not a dividend-payer must not be thought a serious drawback. In all probability, even stocks not now on

the dividend-list will show satisfactory rates once it has been demonstrated to the government that earnings fully justify payments. The Missouri Pacific is earning at least 6 per cent at present on its common stock, and the fixed 5 per cent on the preferred.

L. A. M., Mobile, Ala.—The Pressed Steel Car Co. is expected to continue paying 7 per cent on its \$12,500,000 common stock. Its business is heavy, and should be so many months longer. The current price for the common is 56 $\frac{1}{4}$, against 88 $\frac{1}{4}$ in November, 1916. In recent months the stock has not been very active, but there can be no doubt that it is more widely distributed at present than it ever has been. Of course, it is largely speculative as yet.

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New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price, with postage added when necessary. Address, REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

THE LIFE OF BLACK HAWK edited by Milo Milton Quaife. Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co. (1916).

The autobiography of Black Hawk, setting forth the causes which impelled him to declare war upon the United States and the principles which governed him; constituting a history of that war from the Indian viewpoint; and being an account of Black Hawk's confinement at Jefferson Barracks and travels through the United States. Of the "Lakeside Classics" series. Indexed, boxed. Portrait frontispiece.

LEE: AN EPIC by Flora Ellice Stevens. Kansas City: Burton Publ. Co., 509 E. Ninth St.; \$1.

A poetical conception, not a historical portrait, of Robert E. Lee. Portrait frontispiece. Boxed.

WAR'S END by Henry A. Coit. Los Angeles: Published by the author, 331 Marsh-Strong Bldg.

A play in one act.

THE HEART o' MARY by George M. P. Baird. Printed by the author at Pittsburg, Pa.

A mystery play in verse.

HARRY BUTTERS, R. F. A., LIFE AND LETTERS edited by Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.50.

The story of a California boy, who died an officer of the British army at the Somme, as told in his letters to the folks back home. Illustrated from photographs.

THE CHURCH AND THE MAN by Donald Hanky. New York: Macmillan & Co., 60¢.

How the church can be made a more healthy body, considered from the viewpoint of the average man.

FRENZIED FICTION by Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.25.

A new collection of entertaining nonsense.

INSIDE THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION by Rheta Childe Dorr. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.50.

The history of the Russian struggle written by one closely connected with it. While in sympathy with the movement, the author condemns the methods of the leaders. Interesting side lights on many recent important events. Illustrated from photographs.

HOW TO BUILD MENTAL POWER by Glenville Kleiser. New York: Funk & Wagnalls, \$3.00.

Lessons designed to give the earnest student thorough development of the mental faculties.

A DEFENSE OF IDEALISM by May Sinclair. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$2.

An essay in high philosophy and some questions and conclusions. Indexed.

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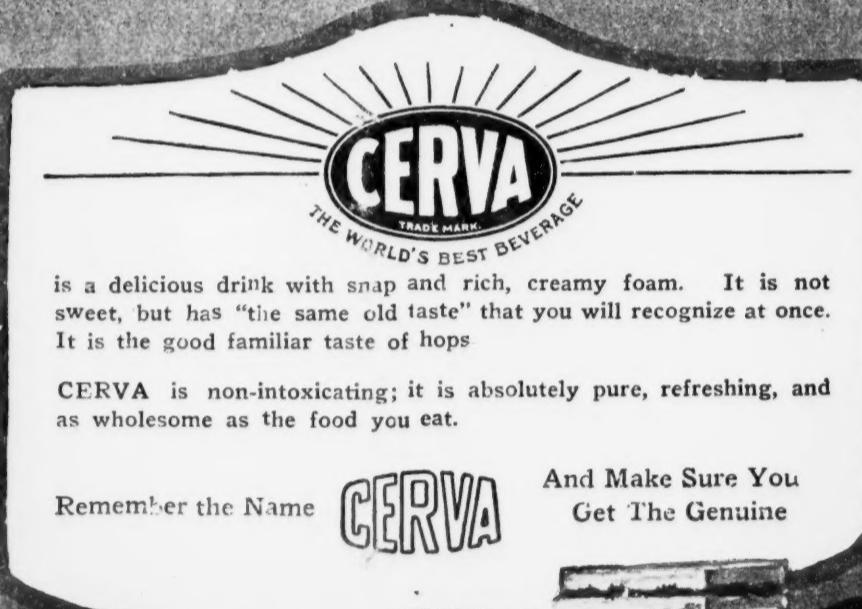
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